FATAL LOVE:

OR, THE

Foxʻd Inconstancy.

A TRAGEDY.

Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by **Elkanah Settle,** Servant to His MAJESTY.

Maxima pars vatum ——
Decipimur specie Recti. —— Hor.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Cademan,* at the Sign of the *Pope's* Head, in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange,* in the *Strand,* 1680.

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To his Honoured Friend,

Sir Robert Owen.

CErtainly, of all Mankind, nothing is so vain as the Scriblers of this Age; for no sooner are they blest with any extraordinary Favour, but they must tell the whole World of it. The Honour of that Friendship You have been Generously pleased to give me, and the Delight of a Conversation so Compleatly Ingenious, affords me no little Occasion for the same Natural Vanity. This is that makes us Publish our Plays, as formerly the Romans Built the Porticoes to their Houses; they always fixt their Lares o're their Threshold. —— But at the same time that I boast of the Honour I have received, I ought to blush at the Present I make You, when I treat you with a Play so worthless, and so Unfortunate. Nay, to sum up all its Misfortunes, it does not only owe so little to the Composers Hand; but breath'd too in a Season, when Poetry even with its softest and most Curious Aires, to the Ears of this untunable Age, sounds but harsh and unpleasant: nay, and what's yet worst of all, perform'd by the feeble Fragment of a Company. —— 'Tis true, the Theatre Royal was once all Harmony; where the Heroick Muses sung so sweetly, and with Voices so perfectly Musical, as few or no Ears could escape Enchantment. But when this hapless Play came forth, its sweetest Pipes were stope; and like a shatter'd Organ, it had only left what could do little more than squeak and jar. But, Oh, that their Oracle should be quite silent! Ah, that their Golden Head would speak again, and bring once more the scatter'd Quire around him! Then Tragedy might re-assume its Majesty, and Passion plead with such an Emphasis, till the charm'd Spectatour should almost wish to be that Real suffering Hero he admires, and share his very Fate, to move but half his Pity. For my part, we e

I a Poet, nay, a Fletcher, or a Shakespeare, I would put my whole Title to Immortality, so that one Actor might never Die. This I may modestly say of him, (nor is it my own particular Opinion, but the Sense of all Mankind) that the best Tragedies on the English Stage have receiv'd that Lustre from Mr. Hart's Performance, that he has left such an Impression behind him, that no less than the Interval of an Age can make them appear again with half their Majesty, from any second Hand. And when he leaves the Stage, the Reign of Tragedy Expires; for then it must dwindle from a Monarchy to a Common-wealth. And were it in my Nature to be Envious or Malicious against any Man that writes, it should be against their Good Fortune, who writ in the Indian Emperors first Days: And having named that admirable Play, methinks it has made its Appearance since, so far short of its Primitive Excellence, that I fancy it has been sometimes almost as unmercifully us'd, as their tortured Montezuma by the Barbarous Spaniards. But, Alas, the very best of Plays now find but a cold Reception, in comparison of the kinder Entertainment they met, at the King's first Returne. For Players and Plays came then upon the Stage like Columbus into America, they brought New Faces, and almost a New Language into our World; and what betwixt Novelty and Surprize they won Spectators Hearts so easily (whilst a little Wit in Plays went so far) that like Him they could Traffick even with Beads and Baubles: But Time & Conversation has made the Critical Audiences like the Wise Indians; and he that would please 'em now, must purchase their Applause with Solid and Elaborate Sense, and bring more than Glass to barter for their Gold. But this Discourse looks so like extenuating my Faults, that 'tis high time to give it o'r e: Yet if by any Arguments I can purchase your charitable Opinion I have gain'd a Judge to my side; and indeed I have no mean Credentials to confirm me in that Assurance: For, besides the Charm of our ordinary Conversation, you have more particularly favour'd

me

me with the Perusal of a Poem of your own; without Flattery, not outdone by a Coopers Hill: And what adds to the Merit of it, you writ it so Young, that a Judgment so Ripe, at an Age so early, is not a little Miraculous. But, Sir, you have all the Reason in the World to be both Poetical and Ingenious, having both Nature and Fortune your Friends; and certainly, there's nothing goes so far towards the compleating a Man of Wit, as Prosperity and Patrimonies. For to say truth, Wit is never truly well scituate, but where a good Estate lies round it. This made the Antient Poets fancy that their very Muses could never be Happy, nor cheerfully Harmonious, till they gave 'em a Pernassus for their Inheritance, whilst their Mounts & Fountains, Groves & Grottoes were all their own. With these Advantages your Fancy soars; nay, it has one Happiness above all this, it needs not look abroad for a Subject: For whilst you derive your Descent in a long unbroken Line, from the Old Active British Princes, within the Circuit of your Ancestries Fame, like him that hunts and hawks in his own Ground, you have an ample Field for Poetry even within your Self; and borrow from your Birth a Theme, of which your own Native untaught Bards, could but rudely sing.

But your Hereditary Glory has no occasion to look so far back into the Records of Time: Even the last Age is so full of your Fathers, and your whole Families Active, and no less suffering Loyalty; Loyalty that e'n embalms their Dust, and makes their Memories fragrant: That if ever an English Monarch should have a Cause to dispute, a Prerogative to maintain, or an Injury to revenge, (but Heaven forbid, that the Glorious Son of the Unhappy Charles, should ever have his Father's Necessity to use 'em) I could wish him no bolder, nor no Faithfuller Champions, than the Heir of your Families Honour, Courage, and Allegiance. But, Sir, my Business is not to be your Herald nor Historian; but to tell you how much I am,

SIR,

Your most Obedient and most Humble Servant.

Elkanah Settle.

PROLOGUE Writeten by a Friend.

Athens and Rome, *from whence this Trade was brought,*
Who best knew how to Value what they Taught,
With that true Zeal their Poets *did Adore,*
That scarce their Conquerours themselves had more.
And the same Wreath, that did in Peace adorn
The Poets *Brow,*
Was by the Victour in his Triumphs worn.
Wit then was Sacred, and less Awe was paid
To Cæsar *Living, than to* Virgil *Dead.*
But the Degenerate World has chang'd the Scene:
Wit ne'r must see those Golden Dayes agen,
The Reverend Stage has lost its Native Use,
And is become a Bridewel *to a Muse:*
For here She must from testy Critick bear
More Lashes, than poor Punck from Beadle there.
Censure's your Game, and when you've rowz'd a Play,
How loud the numerous Pack of Coxcombs Bay.
The grateful Musick ecchoes through the Town;
And, open-mouth'd, you run the Poet *down,*
So snarlingly to your Delights you move,
That you see Plays e'n just as Cats make Love.
Here Three dull Hours i'th' Afternoon you pass,
With those cramps Looks, and with that Damn'd Grimace,
In so much Pain, so much against your will,
*As if your Morning-*Bolus *grumbled still.*
The Ladies too, who should Relieve the Stage,
Will Damn an Author, as they chide a Page.
Severe to Man in all Respects they prove:
Are neither satisfied with wit, nor Love.
But think their Drudges in both Labours dull,
Unless, like Misers Coffer's, always full.
But be ill-natur'd all; Hiss, Rail, Exclaim;
Nay, let each Fop against his Conscience Damn:
Alas! This will not do. Your Noise and Rage,
Does rather Cherish, than Destroy the Stage.
Scriblers, *in Spight, will still Write on: For know,*
Poets, *like Mushrooms, by your Thunder grow.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by *Lysandra*, in the Habit of a *Nun*.

Gallants, I come to take my last Adieu;
Bidding Farewel both to the World, and You—
A Nunnery! —— Oh, tis a Popish *Place!*
Never poor Virgin, sure, had my sad Case.
Has not our Author *used me very ill?*
He makes me die a Maid against my Will.
And yet the Godly Fool should be forgiv'n:
Alas! He meant it for the Way to Heav'n.
Yet from your Presence, and your Love debar'd,
Gallants, indeed, it is a little hard.
When first on Cloister-Ground my Feet I set,
Never poor Girl was put in such a Sweat.
All on a Suddain, from his Cell there ran
A Hideous, Terrible, Rough-Bearded Man:
Cry'd, my Dear Daughter; and then clasp't me fast,
Like Hang-man, with a Halter round his Wast.
But walking farther on this Sacred Ground,
The Shifted Scene more Pleasant grew; I found
An Aged, Reverend Matron compast round,
With a fair Train of Nymphs: To her, they all
Paid Homage, and their Mother-Abbess *call.*
Their Mother! Blessing on your Heart, said I;
I never saw so fair a Progeny.
But, Are these pretty Ladies all your own?
To which she answer'd, in an Angry Tone;
Let me no more these Idle Bug-words hear:
Fye, foolish Girl, we are all Virgins here!
Virgins! Oh, Heav'n! what will become of me?
Must I then Live, that dismal Day to see?
Be such another stale, old Maid, as she?
Well! Had the Virgins of Both Theaters,
Begun their early Penance at my Tears;
What numerous Intrigues had there been Crost?
Lord, What a World of keeping Fops we'd lost?

Actors.

Actors Names.

Artaban, A Prince, first Husband to *Olizia*; supposed Drown'd.

Pyrgus, Steward to *Artaban*.

Philander, A Gentleman; by Birth, a *Sicilian*; formerly Contracted to *Panthea*.

Gobrias, Friend and Confident to *Artaban*.

Olizia, A Princess, formerly Wife to *Artaban*; but now Newly and Privately Married to *Philander*.

Lysandra, Her true Name *Panthea*; bought from Pyrates, as a Captive, by *Pyrgus*.

Corinna, Confident to *Olizia*.

Seconds, *Villains*, *Messengers*, and *Attendants*, &c.

The SCENE,

A Nobleman's Palace in the Isle of Cyprus.

ERRATA.

PAg. 1. line 20. for *Sealed*, read *Sealed*. p. 8. l. 32. f. *lost*, r. *left*. p. 13. l. 17. r. *Leprous Arms*. p. 17. l. 33. del. *that*. p. 21. l. 29. r. *Secundi*. p. 30. l. last, r. *bring*. p. 39. l. 34. f. *Fortunes* r. *Tortures*. p. 46. l. 33. r. *growing Storm*.

Fatal

Fatal Love:

OR,

The Forc'd Inconstancy.

ACT THE FIRST.

Pyrgus *and* Lysandra.

Lys. OH! Stop the Rage of your unjust Desires;
And think, what Sparks of *Hell* attend your (Lawless Fires!

Pyr. Are you so Coy? Then I must change (the Scene,
And call my Favours to your lost Remembrance.
For, where Good Deeds are ill Rewarded, there
'Tis Justice, not Vain-Glory, to Recite 'em.
Did I for this, stretch out my Bounteous Hand,
To free you from the Slavery of *Pyrates*?
Nay, bought you under-hand too; when, perhaps,
They meant, you should have stalk'd the Market-Place,
In State and Pomp, with your Price writ on your Fore-Head?
Did I (I say) free you from all this Infamy;
Here sealed, and protected you?

Lys. 'Tis true;
You powrd your larger Sums, to free me from
One Slavery, but to impose a Greater.

For, if your Words interpret your Black Thoughts,
I am your Captive still:
And feel the Weight and Misery of Bonds,
In that which you style Liberty.

Pyr. Then, Chaft *Diana*, take your own Desire,
And to your Native dear Disgrace return.
Your Fortunes, without me, are at their Ebbing;
And you may Beg with Vertue: 'Tis within
My Power, to make you Rich. The Prince, my Master,
Left his Dear Princess on her Nuptial-Day;
And, in a Freak of Jealousie, went to Sea;
Where, (rest his Soul!) as my Two Years Intelligence
Informs me, he has made the Fish a Banquet.
His sprightly Lady, for the Disappointment
Of a lost Bridegroom, on her Nuptial-Night,
Like a sad Pensive Turtle, stole away
One Evening; and was never heard of since:
No doubt, she has met her Husband's Destiny.
I dare almost, with Confidence, pronounce
My self the Lord of this Magnificent Palace;
And all this Mass of dazling Wealth, my own:
A fairer Pile, all *Cyprus* does not yield.
Be thou then mine: Here thou shalt Reign a *Goddess*;
A *Goddess*, brighter than our *Cyprian*-Deity.
Why all these unkind Looks? Eye! smile, *Lysandra*.
Nothing but Love should on this Shore be found,
Since Loves fair *Goddess* blest the Hallow'd-Ground.

Lys. Heav'ns! What a Villain's this? Cease this bold Language;
For, I am Unalterable: Nay, my Guilt's
Impardonable, even to hold Discourse
With such Impiety.

Pyr. Then know, vain Girl,
The Good from which you flye, I'le force you to.
Are you full-gorged, and wanton?
I'le lure you, with a Vengeance! Come, be pliant;
Or else, behold your Fate. [*Draws a Dagger.*

Lys. I would I were so Happy! Kill me, do.

[*Enter a Servant, Running.*

Pyr. Curse on this Interruption! What's your Business?

Serv. The Princess is return'd.

Pyr

Pyr. Hell and Confusion! How that Name distracts me!
Lyf. This News brings me some Glimpse of Happiness.

Enter Corinna.

Pyr. Welcom, dear Traveller! Say, kind *Corinna*,
Is our great Princess, the Divine *Olivia*,
Safely return'd? And art thou kindly come,
To bring the Blessed News?
Cor. Yes, Sir, I am.
Pyr. This dazling Blis, breaks like the Morn upon me:
And thou'rt the Star, that usshers in the Sun.
Lyf. I'le take this happy Hour, to fly this Monster. [*Exit*,
Pyr. Her secret Flight, and her two years Concealment,
Made us suspect, that some malicious Planet
Had plunged her in her Husbands Rage; and cropt
Her blooming Vertues, with her Tyrant's Crimes.
We, her poor frighted Slaves, believed her Dead.
Cor. No, Sir, she lives; and, as the just Reward
Of Vertue, favour'd with the Smiles of *Heav'n*.
Pyr. This Sound has all the Musick of the Spheares:
The Groans of *Mandrakes!* Curse on th' *Hellish* Note. *Aside*
Cor. Nor is this all the Blessing that I bring ye:
She that so long sigh'd for her injur'd Name,
Mourning the Cruelty of her first Lord's
Inhumane Jealousy, has bravely changed
Her wither'd Willow, for a fresher Myrtle:
And chose a worthyer Partner of her Joys.
Pyr. Marryed again!
Cor. Yes: And this very Night,
Must Celebrate her Nuptials.
Pyr. I am all Wonder!
But, when I seriously reflect; How comes it,
That she, who lost her Pallace, with that sense
Of her wrong'd Innocence, and blasted Fame,
Should quit her Pious Task, and give the World
New Cause to blemish her, for this 2d Marriage?
Cor. I'le tell you, Sir! Not to recount the Penance
She suffer'd, for her Jealous Tyrant's Sins;

Nor the too long, sad, miserable Years,
We spent in a poor despicable Cottage.
About Three Months ago, this Gentleman
Landing upon our Shoar, (for near the Sea,
She kept her Humble Court) as Fate would have him,
Made choice of the same Melancholly Walk,
To finish an unhappy Life. There meeting
The near Resemblance of their Miseries,
Toucht her so sensibly, that from Conversing,
She grew to Like him; and from that, to Love him.
The Sadness in his Eyes, was her own Mirror.
If Love e're chose Equality, 'twas then.
For, on the Sea, the Common Scene of Fate,
She had a Husband, He a Mistris, lost.
And in uniting Two such drooping Hearts,
Their gloomy *Cupid* matcht his pointed Darts.
In short, They married in a Cell; and come
To Consummate their Nuptials in a Pallace.
She's here.

Enter Oliza, *Attended.*

Pyr. [illegible]ffe on that Face of Majesty; all my Dreams } *Aside.*
Of Greatness, now are shrunk into a Shadow.
Madam, This blest Return has brought your poor
Despairing Vassals, no indifferent Joys.
Oliz. I thank thee, honest *Pyrgus*; But begon.
I have brought Home a Noble Guest,
He calls himself, *Philander*. Shew your Duty,
In your Respect: Go, and Attend him hither.
You'l find him writing a Dispatch to th' Court
Of *Scicily*; t'acquaint his Noble Parents,
What Fortune brings him hither.
Pyr. I obey you. [*Exit.*
Oliz. After my Sighs and Tears, and all my Sufferings,
For my first Cruel Prince, to be thus blest
With a much dearer Treasure, the Affection
Of my *Philander!* Heav'ns I thank ye! Thus;
Thus ought blest *Venus*, to be born o'th' *Sea*.

Tempests, and Darkness, Billows, Shipwracks, (Things
By which my first ungrateful Husband perisht)
Were but as Foyles, to set out my Delights;
Placed just before my Joys, as Monsters are
Before the Gates of Pallaces.

Enter Lysandra.

But take heed, lest my Transports speak too loud.
What fair Intruder's this?

Lys. Madam, forgive
A persecuted, wretched Maid, who throws
Her self for Refuge, at your sacred Feet.

Oliz. Can any thing, with such a Form, be wretched?
But say, sweet Innocence, What are those Ills,
Which you can fear, and I Redress?

Lys. I doubt,
My Story will disturb your happier Thoughts.

Oliz. No, pretty Supplyant:
Boldly, and freely speak; I take delight,
To listen to the Accents of th'Afflicted.
Say then, What unkind Stars
Could frown on so much Sweetness?

Lys. Th'unkind Stars,
That frown on Love. Since then your Princely Ear
Vouchsafes to hear me; know, my Name's *Lysandra*;
My Country, *Sicily*; my Parents Noble,
And Wealthy too. I was born Free; tho not
To be so: For not yielding to their Wise,
Grave Councel, to be Sacrificed in th'Arms
Of a Rich, Nauseous Miser, for the sake
Of th'only dearest Lord of all my Vows;
I left my Parents, follow'd him to Sea:
And, trusting to the wavering Tide o'th'Sea
And Fortune, (being embark't in different Vessels,
T'avoyd Suspicion and Pursuit) our more
Unhappy Ship was made a Prize to Pyrates,
And wretched I, their Merchandize. From whom
I was Redeem'd by *Pyrgus*,

Oliz. My Steward?

Lyſ. Yes; but to a greater Bondage:
To Proſtitute my ſelf to his vile Deſires:
For had your bleſt Return not Reſcued me,
My raviſh't Honor had been made his Prey:
Nor has the Horror of it left me yet.

Oliz. Enough, fair Sufferer; thou'rt for ever Reſcued
From Him, and Slavery.

Lyſ. Madam, I owe you
More than the Ranſome of my Life; ſo much
The Safety of my Honour is above it.

Oliz. Once more enjoy your Freedom: If you deem it
Freedom to live with me, I ſhall deſire
No other Evidence, than your own Complaint,
To prove him Guilty, and I'le puniſh him.
In the mean-time, my Houſe ſhall be your Refuge.
Retire; whil'ſt I conſult your Good in Private. [*Exit* Lyland.

Enter Philander, *Introduced by* Pyrgus, *and other Attendants.*

Welcom, my deareſt Lord; I cannot ſhew you
Any new Favours: After I have given
My Self, the ſmall Addition of my Fortunes,
Are but a Tribute.

Phil. This ſurprizing Goodneſs,
O're-pow'rs my Soul with Wonder and Delight!
This high and ſplendid Pile, a Roof more fit
For the Reception of an *Eaſtern Monarch*,
And the kind Influence of this ſmiling *Star*,
That lights the Gilded Battlements: Such Love,
Wealth, Beauty, are too great for Mortal Bleſſings.

Oliz. Oh, do not wonder at this little Offering!
Were my Wealth greater, were the World my own,
My Heart and Treaſures ought to go together.

Phil. This Bliſs is much too mighty for my Humble Fortunes:
And I can never merit half this Glory.

Oliz. Come, Sir, walk in; the Genius of this Palace
Waits with Impatience, to Salute its Lord.

Phil.

Phil. I follow you, dear Madam: But implore
Your Leave, for one short Minutes stay, to lose
My dead *Panthea's* Memory. And since
She sleeping lyes in a cold Bed of Waves,
That she may never float within my Thoughts,
But be drown'd there too, give me leave to Bury her
In one last Tear: And when I have paid that short
Just Funeral-Rite ——

Oliz. Oh my unkind *Philander!*
Does that usurping Shadow haunt you still?

Phil. My dearest Princess, thou art so Divine,
No mean Perfections should obtain thy Smiles.
Alas! I'de only drive the weak Remains
Of her Pale Image from my Breast, to make it
Worthy t'entertain thy Brighter Excellence.
And when I have purged my Drossie Part away,
Then I will come all Kindness, lose my self
In all the Excesses of mighty Love's
Unbounded Pleasures, uncontrol'd Desires,
And make Love's Altars shine with pure Immortal Fires. *Exit.*

Oliz. Was ever Fate like mine?

Cor. No, I surely Madam.
To have a Princess of your Birth and Beauty,
Descend in Glory, like a Goddess, on him:
And have so much Divinity repay'd
With such a cold Ingratitude, is hard.

Oliz. Alas, Ingratitude's all the Return
My Kindness meets. My first ungrateful Lord,
Out of a wild and groundless Jealousie,
Deserted me upon my Nuptial-Day:
And I, like a fond Woman, and true Wife,
Mourn'd for his Absence, invoked the Gods
For his Return to Love, and Me. And when,
Abandoning my Pomp, and all my Greatness,
My sad dejected Mind chose a poor Cell,
To fit my Humble State: Where, when I had heard,
An angry Tempest had revenged my Wrongs,
And punisht his Unkindness with his Fate,
I met this dearer Idol of my Eyes.

And my first Husband's setting Light gone out,
Philander's clearer Brightness fill'd my Soul.
But, to compleat my Misery, my own
Inviting Eyes betray'd an easy Conquest.
Cor. And, Madam, Could your Kindness be your Crime?
No; for that signal Grace, he ought to think,
His Life's too mean an Offering.
Oliz. But he ——
Thinks the Oblation of a Smile too much.
After my little Beauty had subdued
That Superstitious fond Idolatry,
Which two long Years, h'had paid to a Dead Mistriss;
After the Sacred *Hymeneal* Bond
Had joyn'd our seeming mutual Loves, then straight
Her Image made a second Resurrection
Struck with a sudden Horror, a pale Trembling
Seiz'd him all o're. To such an Ebb of Coldness,
His Heart relapsed; that even her very Name
Had greater Influence, than my lighted Beauty.
Goddess of Love, compose his Troubled Mind.
Whil'st all my Kindness does neglected lye,
Shadows, and Ghosts, have greater Charms than I. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philander.

Phil. Immortal Pow'rs, You that enjoyn Mankind
Such Strictness, teach him to observe it too.
If Constancy best please your Deities;
Why did you suffer me to violate
Vows, that were scarce less Sacred, than your selves?
Why did you suffer me, to gaze on Fair
Olizia? But ——
If looser Fires burn brighter in your Sight,
VVhy do I thon extinguish 'em? VVhy don't ye
Permit me, to embrace this Lady? Dally
In her soft Arms, and revel in her Treasures;
And quite forget the Name of my *Panthea?*

Enter

Enter to him a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, Let me beg your Pardon, if my Business
Make me unwelcome: But excuse my Boldness,
My Warrant's seal'd by a Commanding Hand. *Gives* Phil. *a Letter.*
Phil. From whom?
Mess. Panthea.
Phil. Panthea!
Mess. So she calls her self.
Phil. 'Tis False.
Mess. Read, and be undeceived.
Phil. Panthea!
It is impossible.
Had I not been more than a half Spectator
Of her untimely Death, thou might'st deceive me.
But yet these Characters are sure the Traces
Of my *Panthea's* Pen. Your Pardon—leave me. [*Exit Mess.*

Philander *Reads.*

JOy to your Nuptials, and your prosperity in the Princess Olizia. *Now I thank the milder Tempests, since my Misfortunes have thus made way to your deserved Greatness. I only request this in Recompence for my Two Years Sufferings, that as I was Redeem'd from Pyrates by* Olizias *Steward, and now am her Captive, you would procure me free Passage into my Country; where I will Solemnize your Marriage with perpetual Virginity, and live a Stranger in my Fathers Family, as I now make my self a double One, whil'st I stile my Name* Lysandra *to the World; but remain to you, and my unhappy self,*

Panthea.

Panthea living! Is it not a Sound
Would rowze a sleeping Lover from his Grave?
But, Oh she lives to see *Philander* Perjur'd!
Lives to upbraid me of the basest Treason,
The blackest Infidel could e're commit!
Did I upon my Knees, at her dear Feet,

Give up my Heart, and my vow'd Soul resigne?
And call to witness that Bright Lamp of Heav'n,
T'attest my Vows:
Vows of that Sacred Force, that ought to be
No less Unchangeable, no less Immortal,
Than that Bright Sun, which I invoked to hear 'm:
Vows of that Force, that Death should ne're dissolve.
How dare such Treachery as mine see Light?
Shrowd me, some *God*, in Everlasting Night. [*Exit.*

The SCENE, *a Bridal-Chamber.*
Olizia *appears Seated within the* Scenes, *and* Corina *standing by her.*

Enter Philander, *introduced by* Pyrgus.

Phil. Where do you lead me? Why this State for me?
Pyr. 'Tis such as does become your Bridal-Chamber. [*Exit.*
Phil. My Bridal-Chamber!
Is this a Place for me?
Can I perform the Rites of a young Bridegroom,
Melt in the Embraces of a yielding Beauty,
Whil'st the Remembrance of my Broken Vows,
And the cold Thought of my despised *Panthea*
Turns all my freezing Blood to Veins of Ice?
And yet, How can I make a base Return
T'*Olizias* Love, her kind and generous Love?
She, who t'a Stranger, both my Birth and Fortunes
Unknown, gave me her Heart, her Self, and makes me Lord
Of Treasures, that would tempt a *Cynick* from his Cell.
And, Shall I pay Ingratitude for Love?
And when she meets me with her dazling Brightness,
To yield the Pleasures of a Nuptial-Bed;
Shall I disdainfully tell her, She invites me
To a poor Treat, that is not worth Acceptance?
An Insolence can do no less than Damn me.
Did I for this betray her to a Marriage?
Guide me, ye Gods, in this unhappy Labyrinth.
Oliz. Dearest *Philander*! [*Rising up & Advancing to him.*
— Ha!

——— Ha! How does my Lord?
Methinks, you are not well, your Looks are alter'd;
A sullen Paleness hangs upon your Cheek,
As if your kind *Oliza* did not please you.
Phil. Fairest *Oliza*? true, I am not well.
The Thought of my lost Love. ———
Oliz. Unkind *Philander*!
Is this the Musick of our Bridal-Night?
Phil. Oh, that I durst but tell her, that she Lives! } *Aside.*
But that would be a too Tyrannick Cruelty. }
Oliz. Are these your Vows? Is this the Love you promist?
But my *Philander*, I can still forgive you:
And you'll deserve your Pardon; will you not?
What cannot be recall'd, should be forgotten.
Can Sighs or Tears, or all your Cruelty
To me, restore her Life?
Phil. Indeed, I do not merit half this Sweetness:
But I will study to repay your Kindness.
Panthea, now I do remember Thee,
And curse the Fate, that could have Pow'r to part us:
But must thy Resurrection make me Cruel,
Ungrateful to such Glorious Excellence? } *Aside.*
Must I, like an Apostate, break my Faith,
Rend up the Nuptial-Seals of my sworn Heart,
And make my Soul all one perfidious Blot.
Oliz. to *Corin.*] Observe that gloomy Brow; I fear in all
That clouded Heav'n, there's no kind Star for me.
Phil. Had some propitious *God*, with the least Beam of (Heav'n,
In a kind Dream, but visited my Soul
Before this Marriage-Knot was tyed, and told me,
Panthea lived, I would have left the Altar,
With-drawn my guilty Hand, and with disdain } *Aside.*
Shrunk from th'embrace of the World, greatest Empress,
To have been just to thee: But now my Heart
Is sealed and gone, and thou reviv'st too late.
Nor is my Crime my Treason, but my Fate.
Madam, forgive a fearful trembling Lover,
Whose awful Feet approach his Heav'n so slowly.
True Piety fears where it does adore.

In these kind Arms, and on this rising Breast,
The Touch of this dear Hand, and this soft Bosom, } *Kissing and Embracing.*
Would tempt an Angel; and can Flesh and Blood
Resist th'impetuous Joy? My dearest Life,
Light of my World, and Treasure of my Soul,
Am I the cruel, false, unkind *Philander?*

Oliz. No, my best Life, thou art not; now thou'rt kind.
The Raptures of this one dear happy Minute,
Would sweeten a whole Life. Farewel my Pains:
Nothing but Joy can come within this Circle.
Corinna, bid *Lysandra* bring the Banquet
She has prepared.

Phil. Lysandra! [*Aside.*

Oliz. The mighty *Cleopatra*,
In all her Riots, all her haughty Love,
Could never Treat her Lord, with half my Pride,
Nor half my Kindness.

Phil. Stay, *Corinna*, stay.
Must my *Panthea* then be a Spectator,
And introduce me to her Rivals Arms? } *Aside.*
Can I out-live that Thought?

Oliz. What means my Lord?

Phil. Must she stand by, and with accusing Eyes,
See my false Hand the Bridal-Nectar hold,
See my false Lips salute the Lifted-Gold?
Whil'st my warm Cheeks with flushing Pleasures glow,
And warmer Veins with pamper'd Fierceness flow } *Aside.*
Then see her Traytor in his Nuptial-Bed,
On Perfumed Down, and spreading Odours laid,
Whil'st her sad Heart, with her brim-swelling Eyes,
Cryes, False *Philander!* —and then breaks, and dyes.

Oliz. Will you relapse agen, and are you going
To be the cruel and unkind *Philander?*
Did you but shew me Heav'n, to take it from me?

Phil. Defend me, ye Bright Guards of Heav'n: Methinks,
I see *Panthea* all in Tears, and pale
As Death, opening her perjur'd Murderers Curtains.
So Chastly *Cæsar* look't, so *Brutus* trembled.

Oliz. Why this Despair, dear Sir? Those Sufferings
Will dye, when you are kind: Indeed, they will.
My gentle Looks shall soften all your Fury.
I'le love you into Peace, as the kind *Sun*
Dispels the Clouds, till the rough Tempest dyes.
Phil. No, Angel-form, thou art too Bright for me:
Thou art all Innocence, a pure *Idea*,
Too Good to mix with foul and drossie Mortals:
I am all Monster, Savage; all that's ill.
My Heart's all canker'd, my corrupted Veins
Are only fill'd with circulating Poysons.
In my Black Soul, Ten thousand Furies dwell,
Whole Mines of Sulphur, and whole Lakes of Hell.
Oliz. Oh drive these Visionary Horrors hence!
Dear Sir, do not indulge this unkind Frenzy.
Phil. No, Madam; from these precious Sweets I'le flye;
Take hence this Fiend, take hence these Leprous Stems;
My blasting Eyes, and my invenom'd Breath.
Thou art too Excellent, too Divinely Fair,
To live within my Pestilential Air. [*Exit.*
Oliz. Were ever Nuptials, angry Pow'rs, like mine?
The rest
Of my more prosperous Sex, compared with me,
Are Goddesses, in glittering Chariots ride,
And make their Lovers Vassals to their Pride:
But I (poor I) Court mine, and am deny'd.
Exeunt.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT

ACT THE SECOND.

Enter Artaban *Disguised, Attended by his Confident* Gobrias.

Art. OH, *Gobrias!* How I loath those hated Walls?
Under that Roof, that splendid Pile, is lodged
The greatest Fiend, that ever was ordein'd:
Heav'ns Instrument of Vengeance, that e're took
Commission from the *Gods*, and Pay from *Hell*,
Olizia! Damn'd Impostor!

Gobr. 'Tis very strange, my Lord, that two years Travail,
With all the Pleasures of the ransack't World,
Cannot remove that Woman from your Mind.

Art. Ah, *Gobrias!* when I first beheld that Beauty
By the false Opticks of my wounded Eyes,
I saw such infinite, united Wonders,
I thought the Magazin of the Blind *God*,
His Darts, his Quivers, all his Arms were there.
At last, I marryed her; and thought my self
Possessor of a Jewel, much more worth
Than all the Treasures of the East. But Oh!
My Diamond proved but Glass, false brittle Glass.
Oh, she had lost her Honor! She that look'd
All Health without, within was all Contagion.

Gob. My Lord, might I advise you, you should scorn her:
Leave her, and her detested Crimes to Fate.
Search Nature's store, and find some worthier Choice,
T'adorn your Nuptial-Bed. Get a Divorce,
And marry once agen: Some brighter Beauty
Would soon dispel her faint and sullyed Image.

Art. No, *Gobrias*; for her sake, I loath the Sex.
They are all treacherous Joys. Even when they melt
In our Embraces, we but bath in Poysons.

Gob. Alas, Sir! those are but the monstrous Forms,
Which the false Light of your wild Thoughts presents you.

Come,

Come, Sir, let some more charming Face convert you.
You cannot guess, the Charms attend on Marriage:
Where Love and Virtue make the Bridal-Musick.
Art. Could I embrace thy Councel, I were happy.
But know, I loved; and dyed for that fair *Devil*;
And my wrong'd Love is turn'd t'invetrate Hate;
VVhil'st from that Sourse, Eternal Vengeance flows.
Gob. If then you are resolved to be your own,
And her Tormentor, VVhy in this Disguise?
Art. O yes!
The Mine is not yet strong enough, to blow up.
This Trayt'ress, by returning thus unknown,
And in Disguise, perhaps I may surprize her,
Dallying i'th' Arms of a strong-sinew'd Favourite;
Or revelling amongst a Herd of Satyres;
Whil'st some fair *Cupid*, with his wanton Ayres,
Stretches her slack'ning Veins, and tunes her Blood
Up to a Pitch so high, fit for th'Embrace
Of his own Mothers fierce, hot, War-like *God*.
Oh, had I Rage enough, to tear her Heart out,
And make the Blood of this false Scorpion cure me.

Enter, walking at Distance, Corinna.

Cor. Oh, thou unhappy Princess, that such Love,
And so much Beauty, should deserve no more.
This dull *Philander*, blind to his own Glory,
Flyes from those very Arms ———
Art. Corinna here! Her Cozen, and her Confident!
Madam ——
Cor. A Stranger here at this dark Hour! [*Offers to go.*
Art. Corinna stay; 'tis *Artaban* that calls thee.
Cor. Prince *Artaban*! Ye Gods, is he alive! } *Aside.*
Poor Princess, now thou art compleatly wretched. }
What Ruins does this rising-Planet threaten?
Are all the Stories of your Watry-Grave
False as the Oceans Smiles, in which Fame told us ——
Art. Yes, they are all false, false as the Oaths of Women.
Cor. How Sir?

Art.

Art. False as that Trayt'ress, that I left behind me.
Dangers I met, and Shipwrack I have suffer'd;
And after two years Travail, am return'd,
To tell you that I live: But, Cozen, say;
How fares our lusty Widow?

Cor. Cruel Prince!

Art. I mean our young brisk Wife, the Fair *Olizia*.

Cor. Undone by her, unkind ungrateful Lord!

Art. Poor Lady!

Cor. How could you be so barbarously Jealous?
Did she deserve it from you?

Art. No, not she.
'Tis true, I had the Satisfaction on
My Nuptial Day, to know the great Lord *Lysias*
Had tasted her dear easy Sweets before me.
But why should I be Jealous? Alas! kind Man,
He had only eased me of my first Nights Trouble,
And laid a good Foundation for a Bridegroom.

Cor. Fye, Sir!—But what black Monster told you this.

Art. Only the dearest Friend I have on Earth?

Cor. His Name?

Art. *Araxes*; that brave Gallant Man:
He that would run thro all the angry Elements,
And meet even Death in any shape, to serve me.
This kind *Araxes*, being return'd from Travail,
And hearing that the *King* design'd to give me
Olizia, flew with all the VVings of Friendship,
To quench the threatning Fire; but came too late:
The fatal Knot was tyed. Then in my Ears,
He breath'd a Story of that dreadful Accent:
Told me, I had took that Viper to my Bosom.—

Cor. Hold your Cariere—Pray, how came this *Araxes*
So wise, so knowing? VVhence had he this wondrous
Intelligence of all her private Sins?

Art. From her own Bawd, Lord *Lysias* Confident.
He could have told me all their stoln Amours,
And Assignations for three Years together,
Had he suspected when he left this Kingdom,
Her VVitchcrafts would have led my Soul astray.

Cor.

Cor. And all this you believed. Now hear your Folly:
Suppoſe that Treacherous Lord deſign'd t'abuſe you,
What fitter Inſtrument than this *Araxes*?
Who makes ſo ſure a Traytor, as a Friend?
Art. The brave *Araxes* ſcorn'd it.
Cor. Why? His Fortunes
Were not ſo large, but that the great Lord *Lyſias*
Had Treaſures, Favors, Honors to beſtow,
Such as might dazle a much ſurer Friend.
Were you not ſenſible, that Lord had Courted her
For many Years; and when he ſaw her Beauty
Deſign'd your Prize, no doubt his ſlighted Paſſion
Converted to Revenge, and to ſtrike home,
And blaſt your whole Lifes Peace, he choſe your Confident,
Your own beſt Friend, t'adminiſter the Poyſon.
Art. I thank you for your galleſs, ſoft Morality:
But I have, at preſent, no ſuch Gentle Thoughts
About me, to be preach'd into a Convert.
Cor. Had I been you, I would have ſearch'd the World,
T'have found that Impious Lord; and when I had fixt
His perjur'd Soul low as that Hell that had
Inſpired it, I'de have brought his Canker'd Heart
And laid it at her Feet; and then received
Her ſpotleſs Honor in my longing Boſom:
Prized her above my Life, loved her next Heaven;
Not left her ſo inhumanly as you did.
Art. Yes, Madam, had we liv'd i'th' Golden-Age,
When Miſk and Herbs were th' only Riotous food,
Then Women were not pampered into Luſt,
Then Mans more temperate blood had leſs gall in't;
And then your Morals, might be practicable.
Cor. Was ever ſuch a Cruel Temper heard!
But, ſhe has rewarded that your Barbarity,
And fixt that Mirtle Wreath, which your unkindneſs
Had forfeited, on a deſerving Brow.
Art. How, Cozen?
Cor. She has taken the advantage
Of that falſe Fame, that told us you were dead.
Art. Married agen!

Cor. Indeed, 'twas much unlucky;
But 'tis no more than you deserved.

Art. How, Married!
Confusion on her hot, rank, burning Blood!
Death! Married! Now did I not tell thee, *Gobrias?*
What precious Saints are Women? Cursed Women!
Married agen! Damn her!

Cor. What have I done! [*Aside.*
Consider, 'twas your Fault: Do not blame her.
You left her basely, left her all in Tears:
And as a just Reward for your Unkindness,
We had been long confirm'd, that you were lost,
And Dead.

Art. And she like a sad Widow, drank
My Funeral-Wine on her new Wedding night.
Confound the *Syren!*

Cor. Oh, forbear this Fury!
Consider, 'twas a Sin of Ignorance.
Nor is her Error any lawless Love:
Her Love, at worst, has only Marryed; and
You know, that Marriages are writ in Heaven.

Art. Yes, they're writ there; & so are Wars, Plagues, Famines;
So all the Engines of the Sky, th'Events
Of Thunders, Comets, Earthquakes, Deluges,
Design'd from the Foundation of the World,
To ruin Mankind, are all writ in Heav'n.

Cor. Oh my rash foolish Tongue!

Art. Marryed! Accursed Woman! By this Hand,
The Sex is all Perdition, wild as Storms,
And Ravenous as the Grave; Their Breath is Wild-Fire,
Their Eyes are Meteors, and their Arms are Quick-Sands:
And whil'st those lead the wandring Fool astray,
'Tis these devour him. Is there a Destroyer,
Like Impudent, Inconstant, Perjur'd, Infamous,
Infernal VVoman. VVoman damn'd the VVorld,
Her Treason drown'd it, and her Lust will burn it!
When Nature shall all blaze, and the Poles crack,
Hell gape, and all its Sulphurous Mines burst out,
Tis only Woman that must light the Fire-brands.

Cor. Oh horror! what a Tempeſt have I rais'd?
Dear Sir, no more; ceaſe this mad Rage.
Art. I've done——
Oh thou hot-Blooded, and inſatiate VVitch!
By Heav'ns, I queſtion if a VVomans Luſt
E're dyes; but only when her putrid Carkaſs,
As rotten as her Soul, is houſed in Earth,
The Brutal-Monſter makes a Reſurrection,
And turns a *Succubus*, to play her Game out.
Cor. Barbarian! Why this Storm againſt poor Women?
Art. I'll tell you the Deſign of their Creation:
When the Apoſtate-Angels warr'd with Heav'n,
And all their Pride and Impudence was grown
Too fierce for Chains to bind, or *Hell* to tame;
Heav'n in meer Policy,
Invented Woman-kind to match the *Devil*,
Marryed again! Perdition ſeize her Soul!
How ſhe diſtracts me!
Cor. Why this Furious Raving!
Art. I Rave! You wrong me; by this Light, not I.
A Phlegmatick Philoſopher in's Tub,
VVould preach as much as this is.—But, dear Cozen,
For once I will be calm, and reaſon with you.
After I went away, How long was ſhe
In chooſing this New Mate, to fill my Place?
Cor. VVhen you had deſerted her, ſhe offered all
Her Prayers for your Return; courted the *Sea*,
To bring you back agen: was that true Mourner——
Art. Was that true Witch, that rais'd the wind that ſunk me?
Cor. Inhumane!—— [*Offers to go.*
Art. I have done: Go on, dear Cozen.
Cor. And for that impious Lord, that had abuſed her,
A hundred times upon her Knees, I've heard her
Call Heav'n, t'atteſt her Innocence.
Art. No doubt on't.
That's th'only uſe that Women make of Heav'n,
To be Fore-ſworn by't.
Cor. Barbarous Man, farewel!
This Blaſphemy's too horrid. [*Offers to go.*

Art. Stay, *Corrinna*:
I'le be all Gentleneſs; not ſpeak one word,
That ſhall offend you.
Cor. Learn then t'have a ſenſe
Of her wrong'd Vertue, and your groundleſs Rage.
When you'd forſaken her, her Greatneſs ſeem'd
(Without her deareſt Lord to ſhare it with her)
A Burden, not an Ornament of Life:
Then leaving all her Treaſures, all her State
Abjured, like a poor Pilgrim, ſhe deſerted
Her hated Pallace: And in that Retirement,
When ſhe had long heard your Death, and truly paid you
For two long Years, a pious Widows Sighs.
At laſt, this Gentleman——
Art. Revived her Spirits.
And, Did ſhe hold Two Years, full two whole Years,
Before ſhe Marryed him? In that long time,
How many Grooms and Pages had ſhe tired?
Cor. Go, bruitiſh Infidel, thou deſerveſt thy Fate.
But what have I pull'd down? Methinks, I ſee
In his wild Looks Revenge, like Trains of Ruine,
Againſt the poor *Olizias* Life prepar'd:
Let me who caufed her Danger, be her Guard. [*Exit.*
Art. Oh, *Gobrias!* What has my Frenzy done?
This ſubtle Devil will out-wit me: Alarm
Th'Adulterors, and put 'em on their Guard.
But fly, take the Advantage of the Night:
O're-take her, Seize her, Bind her, Gag her; any thing,
So you but keep that noiſy Engine ſilent. [*Exit* Gobrias, *running after* Corinna.

Enter Pyrgus.

Who have we here? ſome kind Night-walking Pander?
Pyrgus!
Pyr. Prince *Artaban!*
Art. Thou art ſurprized,
To ſee thy Lord alive.
Pyr. I'm all Amazement!
My wondring Senſes——

Art. Come, ſuppreſs thy Wonder!
Thou haſt ſtranger Prodigies t'admire at Home.
Pyrgus, I left thee Honeſt, Brave, and Faithful.
Pyr. And, Sir, I'm no ill Steward of that Honeſty
You left with me; I have improved, not leſſen'd it.
Art. I thank thee, *Pyrgus*. I have a Buſineſs for thee,
Which if thou dareſt perform ——
Pyr. Which if I dare not,
Curſe both my Cowardize, and my Ingratitude:
Speak your Commands, and uſe my Life to ſerve you:
I ow't you, as the Author of my Fortunes.
Art. Kind *Pyrgus*: Know then, I've deceived the World,
And by the help of a Diſguiſe, return'd
Safe, and unknow to any but thy ſelf,
My faithful *Gobrias*, and the falſe *Corinna*:
But I have ſpoyl'd her *Rhetorick*, for ſome
Few Minutes. Having ſtopt her *Ravens*-Croak,
I muſt obtain thy Art and Int'reſt,
To introduce me ſafe, and privately,
Into your Ladies Bed-Chamber.
Pyr. I'le do't.
Art. Do, and I'le make thee happy; do, and make me
Thy Vaſſal. To behold 'em Kiſſing, Courting,
Embracing; Oh, How that dear Scene tranſports me?
Now Sorcereſs, I'le countermine your Charms;
And whil'ſt ſhe fryes in her warm *Satyres* Arms,
I'le make her Veins with a new Poyſon ſwell,
And put her in a Sweat more hot than Hell. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundus.

ACT

ACT THE THIRD.

Philander *and* Olizia *in a Bed-Chamber.*

Oliz. HAve I not yet deserved your Heart, unkind *Philander?*
I have a mighty Sum to reckon with you.
Phil. And 'tis a Debt I am too poor to pay.
Let me but count it up; then blush, and Dye.
The *Trojan* Youth, whose dazled Eyes survey'd
Three tempting Courting Goddesses at once,
Did not behold thy Worth. The fair *Olizia*,
Has in her all their Deities: Their Charms,
Beauty, Wit, Glory, are united here.
Oliz. Oh Sir, lay by this airy, flattering Style!
Yet you speak kindly, and there is some Bliss
In a kind word, to her that has no more.
Phil. Mirror of Goodness! Thou art all Divine:
And he that should embrace such infinite Charms,
Ought to be Lord of all th'united Graces,
That Lover e're possest. Greatness should wait
Upon his Birth, and Honor on his Sword:
And to Crown all, his undivided Soul
Should be entirely thine: whil'st no less Lights
Should shine before thy *Sun*. But I, poor I,
Unworthy, far unworthy, want all these.
And for thy Wrongs, and my Ingratitude,
When my just Grief has bow'd me to the Dust,
And the kind Grave has purged my Dross away;
Thy Love I only can in Heav'n repay.
Oliz. Can't you be Just, unless you Dye? Nor must
You love me, 'till we meet among the Stars?
'Tis very hard: Yet 'tis some Joy to think,
I shall find Love in Heav'n; For I've but little here.

Phil.

Phil. Oh, matchles Sweetneſs!—And thou cruel Heart,
Since my *Pantheas* Pow'r has harden'd thee
To that Inflexible and ſtubborn Marble,
Too ſtiff to kneel to this Celeſtial Creature; *Aſide.*
Own, own the Cauſe of thy Impiety:
Cheat her no more; but ſay, *Panthea* Lives.
Dear Madam, I've a ſad Truth to tell you.

Oliz. And is it ſad, dear Sir? Out with it then.
For ſince th'unkind *Philander* will not love me,
All that is Sad, all that is Miſerable,
Should center here.

Phil. More weight to my Confuſion!
Yet I muſt ſpeak.———

Oliz. What would you ſay?

Phil. Dear Madam,——
Suppoſe that——

Oliz. What? That you have got ſome other
Dear Ghoſt, beſides *Pantheas?* —Alas,
You need no more; her Pow'r alone's too Great.
And whil'ſt
For her cold Shade, you from my Arms retire,
Her Aſhes have more Luſtre, than my Fire.

Phil. Now you preſent my Guilt in all its Horrors.
But Madam, whil'ſt I gaze on this bright Glory,
And ſtand like a Damn'd Soul, that's placed within
The Sight of *Paradiſe*, and muſt not enter,
Impute it to a ſtrange commanding Cauſe:
Imagine, that the loſt *Panthea* lives.

Oliz. *Panthea* lives! Then Gods ſhut in your Day;
Light, and the World, and all your Joyes farewel.
There wanted but this Stroke: This dreadful Word
Has all the wounds Deſpair and Death can give. [*Swoons away.*

Phil. What have I done! The killing Sound has cloſed
Her fainting Eyes: her Roſy Sweet's ſhut up,
Like a be-nighted Flow'r. She's gone! She's gone!
My deareſt, ſweeteſt, kindeſt Life return:
Return, and keep thy mourning Slave alive.
Revive, look up, open thoſe orient Lights,
And take my Sighs, my Soul into thy Eyes.

Oliz.

Oliz. Why do you wake me? Now *Panthea* lives,
You ſhould be kind, and give me Leave to dye.
Let my Heart break; do, let it break: Since ſhe
Fills all your Soul, there is no Room for me. [*Swoons agen.*
Phil. She's gone agen! Return, dear Saint, return.
Look up, and live: It is not I alone,
That call thee back; the Gods themſelves invite thee.
Oliz. Why do you raiſe me from Death's gentle Sleep,
And force a poor loſt wretched thing to live?
You ne're were truly Cruel, till this Hour.
Oh, let me dye! I dye to make you Happy.
Then your *Panthea* may poſſeſs you all.
Go to her Sir, and tell her when I'm Dead,
And laid aſide forgotten in the Duſt,
Shee needs not fear a Rival.
Then ſhe may ſafely pleaſe her Loved *Philander*,
Meet your kind Looks, and fill thoſe dear, dear Arms:
And like a Star all Glorious, all Divine,
Riſe in that Heav'n, where I muſt never ſhine.
Phil. Talk not of Death; Live to inrich the Univerſe:
Live to bleſs me. Alas! I only ſaid
She Lived, to try your Courage.
Oliz. Was that all?
Phil. Ah that my Pity ſhould make me a Traytor!
But, Is it Treaſon to preſerve a Life
So Precious? No, ſhe cannot, muſt not dye,
If Love can ſave her.
Oliz. But Sir, Are you ſure
Panthea does not Live?
Phil. Name her no more.
All that is Excellent, all that's Divine,
Lives in thy Arms: Fixt in that glorious Sphear,
Let me look down on poor and abject Mortals.
Oliz. My kind dear Lord; What a bright Change is here!
Did you then only fright my Soul away,
To call it back again with ſuch bleſt Muſick?
Phil. Dear Divinity!
Shall I like an unſatisfyed dull Fool,
Be willful blind to ſuch Tryumphant Bliſs?

Or

Or like young *Alexander's* mad Ambition,
Idly and wildly rave for other VVorlds,
VVhen I have all, all Natures VVealth in Thee?
No my best Life. [*Embracing her.*

Enter Artaban *and* Pyrgus.

Pyr. Stand there: Your Slaves are ready. [*Exit.*
Art. Patience, ye Gods! Hold, hold my boyling Blood.
Oh! 'twere a rare and excellent Revenge,
To joyn their Hearts on my Swords Point, as close
As their Engendring Lips.
Oliz. VVhat Man art thou?
Art. One that comes hither to behold a Sight,
VVould damn a Saint, and blast a *Basilisk:*
To see two brooding Vipers mix their Poysons,
And a lascivious, lewd, Adult'ress burn
VVith Lust far more tempestuous, Flames far hotter,
Than that great Day, when the Young Charioteer
Misled the *Sun*, and set the World on Fire.
Look here, Have you forgot this Face? [*Undisguises*
Oliz. Confusion! Oh, dreadful!
Is *Artaban* Alive?
Phil. Ha! is he Risen from a Grave?
Oliz. Who waits there?
Art. Stir not a Foot; and stop your idle Clamors,
Lest my winged Fury launch your bloated Soul
Into those Lakes of Everlasting Brimstone,
And antedate your just, your just Damnation.
Oliz. To see you Live, is no small wonder! But
As you deserted me a True Barbarian,
I have no hopes you are return'd a Convert.
It is not VVinds or Seas, or Change of Air,
Can tame a Savage, or can calm a Tyger.
Go on then, Sir; VVhat Death is't I must dye?
Art. Dye! By this Light, a Question worth disputing:
And it would puzle an Ingenious Artist,
T'invent a way to kill thee; For by Fire
Or VVater, 'tis impossible to do't.

Betwixt thy Falſhood, and thy flowing Luſt,
Thou art too Rank to Burn, too Light to Drown:
Nay, ſhould I bury the Incarnate Monſter,
Like the ſlain Gyants, under Piles of Mountains,
Thy Luſt (like *Etnas* Flames) would burſt 'em thro.
Phil. If thou art he, who in a blinded Fury
Could leave this dear ineſtimable Treaſure,
And baſely durſt ſuſpect her ſpotleſs Honor,
Whoſe unexampled Virtue is alone,
Enough t'atone for all her Sexes Frailty:
Take heed how you provoke the Gods, by hurting
This brighteſt, neareſt Image of themſelves.
Art. Young angry Sir, ſpend not your Breath in vain;
Keep it to curſe the Hour thou ſaw'ſt that Face:
I have a Scourge for thee, and this brisk VVanton,
Fierce as the Vengeance of a God,
And ſwifter than a Peſtilence. Come in there
My Imps of Fury, enter. [*Enter Six Villains, who ſeize* Philander *and* Olizia.
Oliz. Cruel Monſter, what are theſe?
Art. The Light'ning to my Thunder.
Phil. Curſed Fate!
Surpriz'd, unarm'd, and made ſo tame a Sacrifice!
Art. Prepare to Execute what I commanded you.
Phil. Inhuman Savage, What's thy black Deſign?
Art. T'oblige Mankind, and purge th'Infected Air:
For whil'ſt that Monſter breaths, ſhe can't breed leſs than Plagues.
Phil. Oh bloody Tyrant, aim your Rage at me!
Send me to Ruin, kill me, burn me, drown me:
Do any thing, ſo you but ſave her Life!
Think when you murder that Celeſtial Form,
You wound all Mankind at the diſmal Blow:
Not only all the Mourning Globe, the Gods
Themſelves will ſuffer, when ſuch Virtue bleeds.
Art. Oh Amorous Raptures!
Oliz. Do not touch one Hair
Of that dear Gallant, God-like Man: On mine,
My Head alone, pour all your Impious Vengeance.
Live, my kind deareſt Lord.

Art.

Art. Rare Impudence!
Exquiſite Friend: Yes, I'le obey thee;
And thy kind deareſt Lord ſhall ſee thee dye.
But ere thou goeſt, call all thy Friends below;
(For thou'rt too wicked, to have any yonder)
Command your black Infernal Vaſſals; bid 'em
Prepare to entertain the greateſt Gueſt,
That ever lodged within their burning Walls.
Bid *Lucifer* reſigne his Throne, and ſay, I've ſent him
The only Head fit to be Crown'd in Hell.
Oh, that I could but make thee an Age in Dying!
And, Oh that thine were like *Prometheus* Heart,
And I th'Immortal Vulture to torment it!
Oliz. How I diſdain thy Rage! Do, ſhew thy Sting.
Kill me as Barbarouſly, as thou art baſe.
But when I dye, I'le ſend my laſt kind Looks,
Sighs, Pray'rs, and Life, into *Philander*'s Eyes.
Nay, tho you ſcatter all my ſprinkled Aſhes
Around the World, each Atom of my Duſt
Shall find a Soul, and flye into his Boſom.
Phil. Oh mighty Love!
Oliz. If I can't live to love him,
I'le ſoar above, and ſhine from Heav'n upon him.
And Tyrant, If thy Rage won't let me mount
To th'Sky an entire Star, tear me to pieces,
And rend my mangled Limbs into a Comet:
Then know, when from my Glorious Conſtellation
I ſhall look down into that dark Abbyſs,
Where thou makeſt Fuel for Eternal Fire,
I'le ſcorn thee then, as I defye thee now.
Art. Hold Heart! Away, and houſe her in a Dungeon.
Phil. Touch her no more, than you would tread on Lightning.
Art. Spare her no more, than you would ſave a *Crocadile*.
Phil. Have you no Pity?
Art. Dogs! Have you no Ears?
Away with her.
Phil. Hold Hell-Hounds!
Art. Go, or you're Dead!
Phil. Stay, or you're Damn'd!

Art. Begone.
Phil. Dear Angels! ——
Art. Dear Damnation! —
Phil. Guard her ——
Art. ——Sink her. [*Exeunt* Philander *and* Panthea, *forced out by the Villains.*

Now my young Bride, I'le drein your Amorous Veins.
One Minnte, and the Charming Scene begins.

Enter to him Lysandra.

Lys. Oh Sir! as you would gain Immortal Honor
On Earth, and Everlasting Joyes in Heav'n;
As your would have your Glorious Actions fill
The Book of Fame, and like Ascending Incense,
Perfume the Skies, and Treat the Gods, recall
Your Banish't Peace, and save their Precious Lives.
Art. Ha! VVhat art thou, fair Fiend? One of her Imps?
Is she so great a VVitch, so rare an Artist,
To raise such Beauteous Devils, to defend her?
Lys. No, Sir, I'm one of that weak frighted Sex,
VVho could not hear your furious Threatning Out-rage,
Without a bleeding Heart, and melting Eyes.
Art. Where have I Lived obscurely,
That I was never dazled till this Minute.
Lys. Oh Sir! if ever Pity touch't your Breast,
Save a young Stranger, and a wretched Lady.
Art. Heav'ns! were she any thing but that Monster Woman,
How I could Love her? [*Aside.*
Lys. This black Doom recall:
Punish your self, not her. If she has done ill,
She owes it all to you. Had you perform'd
The Rites of a Kind Lord, I'm sure she would
Have made a Miracle of Love and Duty.
You should have moulded all her tender Thoughts,
And form'd her Soul in any Shape, to please you.
You might have lived an Age in envied Bliss.
And if you've lost all this, it is because
In an unmanly Rage, you forfeited

The

The Right of your Creation, when you left
Her feeble Sex unguarded all alone.
Art Go on, gay talking Thing. I thought before,
The only Muſick in the World had been
The cracking Heart-Strings, and the dying Groans
Of my Adult'rous Sorcereſs. But now,
My Rage can ſtop in all its full Cariere,
While'ſt this ſoft tempting *Syren* Charms my Ear.
Lyſ. Will he then hear me? Oh, my blooming Hopes!
Dear Sir, indulge, improve theſe Sparks of Pity.
Mercy's the Glory of a Deity:
And it is God-like, to forgive. Subdue
Your wild Deſires; and that *Heroick* Deed
Is Nobler than the Conqueſt of a Kingdom.
But if you ſtain your Hands with Guiltleſs Blood,
Think then what diſmal Horrours wait on Murder:
Wolves, Raven, Scriech-Owles, then will be your Gueſts.
And her Pale Ghoſt will haunt your ſtarting Sleeps,
Preſs your ſad Thoughts with Lead, more heavy than
The Ponderous Marble, that entombs her Aſhes.
Art. Begone, take thoſe enchanting Eyes away:
There's a bewitching Influence within
Thoſe ſparkling Circles, that un-man's my Soul.
Lyſ. Nay, if theſe Eyes have Pow'r to make you Good,
They ſhall purſue you whereſoe'r you go:
With their ſoft, humble, pleading, courting Tears,
I'le weep 'em blind, to quench your raging Fires.
Art. Where am I going? Stay, my fleeting Glory.
I had deſign'd that great, that brave Revenge,
That ſhould have rais'd my vaſt Immortal Fame
High as a Monumental *Pyramide*,
And hid its tow'ring Head among the Clouds:
But this Young Sprite would ſhake my great Foundations.
Take thy Face hence.
Lyſ. Oh Sir! ——
Art. I'le hear no more.
Vaniſh falſe Fire, bright Meteor diſappear;
It is not ſafe for me to tarry here.

My

My mighty Mind would keep its sacred way;
And she strows Flow'rs, to lead my Soul astray. [*Exit, and*
Lysandra *following him.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Philander *and* Olizia *appear in a Dungeon, Attended and Guarded by the former Villains.*

Oliz. THis, this *Philander*, is my Funeral-Scene.
Phil. And these the Fiends, to act the Hellish Deed:
They only wait for their Commanding Devil.
Oliz. But when you see me Die, will you be kind,
And pitty my hard Fate? When you behold
My panting Breast laid open, and that Heart
Where my dear Lord once raign'd, all torn and mangled,
Will you look Pale, and with a trembling Sigh,
Let a kind Pearl fall trickling from your Eye?
Say, Will you do all this for poor *Olizia?*
Phil. Not do all this for thee! When the dire Monster
Dares wreak his Barbarous Vengeance in thy Veins,
Thy sacred Veins; and the unthinking *Gods*
Dare see it done; Shall not I mourn for thee?
Doubt not that Pious Tribute of my Eyes.
Shall not my Dew fall at thy Setting-*Sun?*
Not weep to see thee Bleed! I'le make my Eyes
Start from their Sphears, to view that killing Object.
And when thy Sweetness
Draws near to Heav'n, my fainting bleeding Heart
Shall just keep Life enough to break with thine.
Oliz. Then you'll be kind indeed. Now, Murderers welcom:
Bringing all your Torturing Racks. Thy gentle Pity

Will

Will vanquish all the Pains of Execution.
Who would not dye, to be deplored by Thee?
To have thy Sighs, thy Tears, thy Love,
Like ministring-Angels, mount me to the Skyes?

Phil. Since, my best Saint, it is by Fate ordain'd,
That thou must dye for me; and for my sake,
Thy faithful fearless Love dares boldly set
With so much beauteous chearful Light about it,
Hear my last Vow. [*Kneels.*

Ye Gods, if in this little
Short Glass of Life, I breath one Sigh to ought
But fair Olizia; *If my flaming Heart*
Blow the least Spark to any other Breast,
Shut your Bright Gates against me. Banish me
From the blest Realms of her Immortal Day;
Expell'd for ever from her Heav'n, and Yours.
Panthea *now, shall haunt my Thoughts no more:*
Thee, and Thee only, I'le in Death adore.

Oliz. My kindest Lord, now with full Tides of Joy
I can meet Death, since Death has made you mine.
My Soul's all Rapture, all Delight! Grim Death,
Whose Ghastly Visage frights the trembling VVorld,
And comes with hollow Eyes, and ratling Bones,
To me's all Gay; and with a Charming Smile,
Doe's with sweet VVreaths, and flow'ry Garlands come.
My Bridal-Pleasures blossom on my Tomb.

Phil. Now you transport my ravish't Sense too high.
The worth of Ages, and thy Sexes Glory,
Is all sum'd up in Thee: And, Must you dye?
Must this Celestial Light fall like a Meteor?
And this blooming Spring fade like a wither'd *Autumn?*
Must this fair Book of Life, writ by the Hand of Heav'n,
The Legend of a *God*, be all defaced?
And must I see it done? Oh, deareſt Madame!
I never was a Coward, till this minute.

Oliz. How Sir?

Phil. I cannot, must not, dare not see you dye.
Better th'whole Sex beside, were all extinguish't;
Their worthless Beauties shuffled in the Dust,

And

And thou the only God-like VVoman, left
T'uphold the VVorld. —Oh Gentlemen! if Beauty
And Innocence can ever move Compaſſion,
Look on that Form; ſay, Shall that Boſom bleed?
Perform a Deed worthy a Chronicle:
Turn all your Swords againſt her Tyrants Heart.
But if Reward can only make you Good,
Propoſe a Ranſom that may buy her Life;
I'le pay it at the Price of all my Fortunes,
Treaſures, and Honors; all I have on Earth:
And if that ben't enough to pay the Sum,
I'le be your Slave; ſell me to make it up.
Oh, ſave her! Nay, if you'd be Saints, Stars, Angels,
Save her, and you'll deſerve to be 'em all.

Enter Lyſandra.

Lyſ. That Glorious Task muſt be aſſign'd to me:
'Tis I that bring her Life and Liberty.
Phil. Oh guard me, guard me, ſome Immortal Pow'r! } *Aſide.*
Thoſe Eyes could never blaſt me till this Hour.
Lyſ. Gentlemen, let this Signet ſatisfy you, } *Shews a Ring to the Villains.*
That I have wrought the angry Prioce to Mercy,
And have obtain'd your Priſoners Lives & Pardons.
With-draw; they're now my Charge. [*Exeunt Villians.*
Oliz. Saved by *Lyſandra!*
Lyſ. By a long Seige of Tears I've calm'd his Fury,
And cruſht the Snake that twin'd about his Heart-ſtrings.
Oliz. How can the ſtudy of that Life you've given me,
Requite my kind Protectreſs, generous Maid?
Lyſ. Ballance your Deeds with mine, and but remember
How you preſerved my threaten'd Honor from
A Raviſher, and you've done more for me.
Oliz. Now my dear Lord, raiſe your dejected Head.
I ſhall not Bleed; all the rough Storm is fled.
Why do you ſtart, ſhake, and look pale? Is her
Kind News unwelcom? Can my reſcued Life
Diſpleaſe you? Sure it can't. But if it does,
Alas, Sir! let not that your Trouble give:
I will dye ſtill, if you'd not have me live.

Phil.

Phil. No, Madam, Live; and Live to be Adored.
Let the Converted Sex learn Love from thee:
Not place their gaudy Amorous Delights,
In loose Desires, gay Dayes, and wanton Nights.
Let 'em Perform thy *Hymeneal* Rites,
Stand the great Shock of Wracks, and Death unmoved,
Walk upon burning Irons, Tread on Graves,
And keep their Bridals on a Funeral-Pile
When they dare do all this for Love, they'll be
Fit Votaries, great Saint, to Kneel to Thee.

Lys. And would not I, your lost despised *Panthea*,
Have suffer'd all these Pains for you?

Oliz. Panthea!
Art thou the Fatal, Fair, Belov'd *Panthea?*
And, Do's she Live? Have you deceived me thus?
Was all your Mighty Love, your Sighs and Tears,
The Charming *Rhetorick* of your Tender Eyes,
A meer Delusion to undo the poor
Olizia? Oh, my Fall! I, that just now,
Wrapt in my blest Imagination, stood
Upon the Highest Pinacle of Heav'n,
Am, in one Minute, lower than the Grave.

Phil. I do confess, I told you, She was Dead;
Said any thing, to raise your drooping Spirits:
But that was all my Treason. Tho I knew
Panthea liv'd, and liv'd to call me Perjur'd,
In all the Passion I expresst for you,
By all that's Good, my Sighs and Love was True.

Oliz. And, Would you Cheat me still!

Phil. By all the Powers ———

Oliz. Speak not one word in your Defence.
No, Sir, you cou'd not, did not, cannot Love me.
And, Does she Live?
You've doom'd a Wretched Soul to endless Torments;
And 'tis beyond the Pow'r of Fate, to save me.

Phil. Ah, Madam, if there's Faith on Earth, and Truth
Among the Gods, I swear ———

Oliz. Oh, Sir, no more.
And, Cruel Rival, was it not enough,

You'd seiz'd his Heart, and ravish'd all my Right.
But in the Pleasantest, and Sweetest Dream,
When his dissembling Tears had made me think,
His Love was True; and the Fair Apparition
Presented to my Thoughts the gilded Walks,
And painted Scenes of Paradise, making
Me scorn the Drossie World; just when I came
To Dye, and be born upon Angels Wings,
You most Inhumanely have saved my Life,
And waked me from my Visionary Treasures,
To find my self a Beggar.

Lys. Do not think,
I had such base and mean Designs: No, Madam, ——

Oliz. Canst thou Dissemble too? No, 'tis too plain.
But do not vainly think, I'le poorly live,
To bow my Neck to thy Triumphant Chariot.
Let me but take one Look from those dear Eyes;
And now false World, Farewel. [*Offers to go.*

Phil. Oh stay, dear Angel, stay!

Oliz. No, my unkind, false Lord, Farewel for ever.

Phil. Stay but one Minute: Stay, mistaken Sweetness.
Do not forsake your Loyal Prostrate Slave.
To fly me thus, would be to leave me Damn'd:
To doubt my Love, you Stab me. By my Life,
My Oaths are True. The Gods can witness for me:
They see, They know my Heart, my Truth, my Soul.

Oliz. Oh, false *Philander*, stop that Fatal Eloquence!
Such were the very Sounds, that first undid me.
Thou Love? No, cruel Man, speak it no more.
I will not hear the Name: It is a Sound,
That I will never, never hear again.
Go Perjur'd, Revel in her dearer Arms:
And whil'st your Love does your new Pleasures take,
My dying Groans your Bridal-Musick make. [*Exit.*

Phil. Stay, Cruel Fair; Remorseless Tyrant, stay!

Lys. When I Preserved your Life,
I did not come to bring you half these Torments.

Phil. Why then,
Did thy untimely Kindness bring me Life?

Lys.

Lyſ. Is Life a Plague then, 'cauſe 'tis brought by me?
Ah, Cruel! Have theſe Eyes ſo much of Terrour,
That you had rather Dye, than meet their hated Sight?
Am I ſo much forgotten?

Phil. Ah! No more.
Shame, and Confuſion overwhelms my Soul.
Thus low, a Bluſhing, Perjur'd Criminal falls;
And, Injur'd Fair, to thee for Mercy calls:
Such Shame, ſuch Horrours from my Guilt ariſe,
I dare not look on thoſe offended Eyes.

Lyſ. Hold Heart!

Phil. But Falſe and Perjur'd, as I am,
My Heart did not too baſely play the Traytour:
I was not Falſe, before I thought thee Dead.
But now, Fair Sweetneſs, thou Reviv'ſt too late:
Love, and *Olizias* Charms demand me all:
I've made thoſe Vows, which I muſt ne'r Recall.

Lyſ. Is't not enough, I Live to ſee you Perjur'd;
But you muſt take the Pride to own it too?
Go, Faithleſs Man: But, Faithleſs as you are,
Glory and Crowns lye at your Feet, whil'ſt I
Go ſeek ſome Melancholy Cell, and Dye. [*Exit.*

Phil. Strike home, dear Thunder!
End, end my Lingring Pains: Am I not Dead yet?
What Lover ever felt my Wounds, and Liv'd?
Was ever Man ſurrounded with my Glory?
Th'intire Poſſeſſor of the Hearts of Two
Majeſtick Beauties, ſo Divinely Fair?
And yet, I'm doom'd to Famiſh in Deſpair.
So the poor Naked Slave digs in the Mine,
And ſees the Glitt'ring *Ore* around him ſhine:
Yet does with hopeleſs Eyes, that Wealth behold;
Wretched, and Starved, amidſt a Mine of *Gold*. [*Exit.*

SCENE Changes.

Enter Artaban.

Art. What's Nature, and the Pow'r that Governs it!
Man is the *Puppet* of the *Gods*, and Moves
Backwards or Forwards, as they please to Dance him:
Now could I Laugh, to find my Self a Fool;
And yet be Mad, to think I can't be otherwise.
Where's all my Blustring, Roaring Storm, against
Olizia? —Hush't, and Calm'd; and all, because
A Foolish Girl had Power to stroak me Gentle.
My great Foundation's laid in Sand: One Minute,
Fierce as encount'ring *Lyons*; and the next,
I'm Tamer than the meekest *Beast* they Prey on.

Enter Lysandra.

But here she comes.
Lys. After I had Redeem'd
The Lives of Innocents, I could not take
This mighty Blessing from your Hands, and not
Return to pay my Thanks upon my Knees.
Art. Oh, Rise! What other Lives have you to Save?
What to Destroy? What New Commands to Execute?
What Tow'rs to Scale? What Rocks to Plow up? What
Mountains to Level? For I Love you so,
I could do all this in a Breath, to serve you.
Be free, dear Charming Witch, command thy Obedient Devil.
Lys. Love me!
Art. Oh, wond'rously! Try me like *Hercules*;
I could Act all his Labours o're again.
And when I had done, throw off my *Lyon*'s Skin:
Then take his Distaff, and sit down and Spin.
Lys. What cruel Words are these?
Art. If this be Cruel,
I'le try a kinder way of Love, to please you. [*Seizes her.*

Lys.

Lyf. Ah, Sir! What do you mean?

Art. To use you Lovingly;
To Revel in the Charms of this soft Breast,
And surfeit on Delights, on which a *God* might Feast.

Lyf. Oh, Sir! If ever Virtue, Mercy, Pity
Dwelt in your Noble Breast, ——

Art. If ever Passion,
And warm Desire dwelt in my Boyling Veins,
I Love thee! [*Ruffles her.*

Lyf. Is this Love!

Art. No; tho this be not,
I'le shew thee what it is, before we part.

Lyf. Do not mistake;
Can it be Love, to offer all that Violence,
For which you would both *Hate* yourself and me?

Art. By Heav'ns, 'tis like enough. I loved *Olivia*
That Morning that I Marryed her, above
The spangled Skyes, and all the Joys within 'em:
Yet before Night, I loath'd her worse than Hell.
Yet, now
I think on't, I ne'r tasted of her Charms:
But I'le be Kind and Riot in Thy Arms.
In these soft Chains for ever bind me thine.
They know the Treasure best, who search the Mine.

Lyf. Oh, Sir! if you pursue these wicked Ends,
What Triumph will a Virgins Ruin be?
To make a poor lost Creature shun the Light;
And call on Rocks and Mountains, t'hide her Shame?

Art. Talk not of Shame; but think of Love, dear Love;
The Business, and the Pride of your Creation.
Yield, yield or I must force your stubborn Pride.

Lyf. Oh hold, Sir! I had a Virtuous Father;
Who taught me still, that *Whore* was such a word,
As Conjur'd *Devils* up, Eclips'd the *Sun*,
Made Earthquakes, Blazing-Stars, and Blew *Hell*-Fire.

Art. Why do you Treat me thus, like Cruel Judges,
Who speak them Fairest, who they mean, shall Dye?
Without thy dear Embraces, I'm but Dead.

Lyf. Ah, Sir! Consider what you ask me; which when
You've

You've once obtain'd, you'll base, and loath my Love;
Call your self Fool, for loving such a Wretch
As had not such a great Degree of Virtue,
To keep her Virgin Chastity unblemish'd;
Pity your self; destroy not in one Act,
So many Deeds of VVorth, past, and to come.
Then pity me: Let not my guilty Soul
Make my own Shadow fearful, all my Dreams
With Frights, and Startings, all my Life with Horrours,
Ashamed in Company, alone Unquiet;
Weary of Life, and yet afraid to Dye.

Art. No more! no more! VVhat Sense can Virtue speak?
Th'hast Sacrificed my wicked Thoughts; and thence
The Spirit of Sacred Ones shall rise Extracted,
And Cleansed from all their Drofs. Divinest Maid,
I never Loved thee half so well as now.
Lend me thy Hand. [*Kisses.*
Unutterable Sweetness! Oh, my Transported Soul!
Nectar and *Heaven!* Oh, my Transported Soul!
Gods! Could my Burning Luft (that Brand of *Hell!*)
Attempt to set this VVorld of Sweets on Fire,
And not Alarm all your Bright Starry Hoft,
Her Heavenly Guard, to Strike the Monfter dead?

Lyf. Name it no more. Your Noble Penitence
Has gain'd your Pardon, both from Heav'n and Me.

Art. I thank ye *Gods.* Oh, *Love,* I am thy Convert!
Fair injur'd Innocence, I'm no more
Thy Impious Idolater: Thou'rt now
My Goddefs, and my Vows are all Divine.
By *Hymen*'s Holy Rites, I'le make thee Mine.

Lyf. Oh, my hard Fate! Ah, Sir, What do you mean?

Art. To make Attonement for the Blackeft Guilt
The Furies e're Infpired. Thy Beauty dwells
Under too Low a Roof, and I muft Raife it.
That Fore head wants a Princely Coronet.
Luftre and Honours fhould thy Vaffals be:
Heav'n owes thee Greatnefs, and muft pay't by Me.
Why do you fhrink?

Lyf.

Lyf. Ah, Sir! do not pursue
This mean Design, too poor and low for you:
A Deed so abject, so beneath your Greatness,
Mankind will blush to hear, and You to own.

Art. Mistaken Sweetness, Don't I love thee? And,
Can I do less for that, which I Adore?
A Lover, were he Master of the World,
For such Bright Eyes, could do no less than lay
The Universal Scepter at thy Feet.
Nay, were I the Great Monarch of the Skies,
Would I not place my Thunder in thy Hand?
Make Nature, and her Laws, own thy Command?
Mount thee aloft on my proud *Eagles* Wings,
Whil'st all my lesser Gods, like Captive Kings,
And Fawning Courtiers, fill'd thy shining Train?
Thou o're thy *Jove* so Absolute should'st Reign;
To Kiss thy Feet, my Heav'ns should Homage pay,
And crowding Stars make a new Milky-Way.

Lyf. Forbear, this Language I with Horrour hear.
Alas! I've made a strict and solemn Vow,——

Art. To what? To whom? Oh, speak!——

Lyf. To Death. There is
A Noble Youth——

Art. Oh, Hel!

Lyf.——(I can't Dissemble.)
——For whose dear sake, I've vow'd to Mourn and Dye.
Make me not Perjur'd, take your Prodigal Kindness in:
For *Love*, and *I*, must never meet agen.

Art. What murdering Sounds are these? And, Must this happy,
Blest——Cursed Rival, have more Pow'r than I?

Lyf. Oh, Pardon me, when I am bound to say,
And dye, to prove it True.
Nor all that the *Sun* sees, must alter me;
Not Empires buy my Love, nor Fortunes force it.

Art. What Furies rais'd this Fiend, t'usurp my Right?
Rival and *Devils*, I defie your Spight.
She must be mine, is mine, all mine.
My blood boiles high, and I must seize my Prey. [*Seizes her.*

What

What Tempting Magick leads my Soul astray?
Fly, fly, fair Cruelty! — Stay, dear Marble, stay! [Exit Lysia.

Enter Pyrgus.

Oh, the high Billows of my stormy Soul!

Pyr. Sir, Let me calm that Tempest.

Art. What canst thou do?

Pyr. I can deplore her Fate, and pity Yours.
Hither I come, to tell my Erring Prince,
He has misplac'd his Heart, upon an Object,
Where he must never hope for a Return.

Art. Had I not Snakes and Hags enough within me,
But thy bold Insolence dares play the *Shriech-Owle?*

Pyr. Oh, give my Zeal a gentler Name! I'm come
To wake you from your drowzy *Lethargy*.
Alas! Her Soul is gone, past all Retrieve!
She Loves *Philander*, for *Philander* Dies.

Art. Philander! say: What's that?

Pyr. And her seal'd Heart's
Impenetrable to all Pow'r, but his.
Your Greatness, Sir, has the whole World to Range in;
And may command a more deserving Beauty.
Court not a deaf and senseless *Idol:* Fix
Your Thoughts more High. From this vain Seige retire:
Cure your wild Love, and quench this threatning Fire.

Art. Philander! —— Was I not damn'd enough before?
But thou must come to Preach me into *Hell?*

Pyr. Yes, would I could. [*Aside.*

Art. Philander!
The very Villain has debauch't my VVife,
Ravish't my Peace, and loaded me with Shame;
Now, after all, must steal my Mistriss too:
And yet, this very Man, I've Saved and Pardon'd.
Oh, VVhither was my blinded Folly driven!
Mercy, VVhat art thou? Get thee back to *Heav'n.*
What has the Race of Man to do with *Thee?*
Leave Human Minds to Nobler Passions free.
Hence forward Death and Ruin, Reign alone;
Make *Hell* your Vassal, and the *World* your Throne. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE, A *GROVE.*

Enter Pyrgus *solus.*

Pyr. IN what a Labyrinth am I lost? The *Prince*,
My Master, turn'd my Rival? Hell and Furies!
And, Have I Bought & Purchas'd, Nurs'd & Cherish'd
That Beauteous Slave, to see her made my *Princess*?
If he subdues her, (as I'me sure, he will)
Beauty's an easie Fort, where Greatness storms.
And though she weeps for false *Philander's* Loss;
Those Drops in mourning Virgins Eyes, are but
That Dew, which Courting Glory soon exhales:
If he subdues her, Then my Fate's inevitable.
She knows, I am a Villain, have pursued her
with all the Rage of Lust; nay, even to Ravish her.
And when she lies within my *Prince's* Bosom,
Shall all my undetected Villanies
Forgotten, sleep and dye? No, I am lost:
Spurn'd from his Presence, and thrust out to Scorn,
Beggary and Misery are my last Reward.
What shall I do? [*Enter* Artaban *and* Gobrias
——Yonder the Tyrant comes.
Wit and Despair, your utmost Skill perform;
And steer me Safe through all this Threat'ning Storm. [*Exit.*

Art. Cold as the *North*: By all that's Good, Impenetrable
As Rocks of *Adamant*. Oh, How she baffles me!
Disdains my Passion, Slights my proffer'd Glory!
Unmoved by all my Sighs, Pray'rs, Agonies.

Gob. Indeed, my Lord, this Scorn is wonderful.

Art. Scorn! By this Light, she'd scorn the Courting Thund'rer,
Stand the Temptation of a Golden Show'r;
And *Jove* himself, in all his Shapes, unalter'd.

Gob. 'Tis very ſtrange, the great Prince *Artaban*,
With all his Proſperous Fortunes, cannot thaw her.
Art. The Fatal Cauſe of all her Scorn's too plain.
This Fair Infatuated Fool,
Doats on the Falſe *Philander*. 'Tis *Philander*,
Whoſe threat'ning Pow'r ſtands like a flaming Sword,
To ſtop my Entrance into Paradiſe:
But I will cut my Paſſage through his Heart.
The Raviſher of all my Hopes ſhall Bleed.
Say, *Gobrias*, Will he meet us?
Gob. Yes, my Lord.
Art. This Hour?
Gob. Immediately.
Art. Himſelf and Second?
Gob. Yes, Sir.
Art. 'Tis well: The Guardian-Dragon dies;
And then, th'Enchanted Beauty is my own.

Enter Philander *and* Decius.

Phil. Hither I come, my Lord, invited to
A Solemn Feaſt of Blood.
Art. Yes, and you're welcom.
And, Sir, to make you like your Entertainment,
Know 'tis a Sacred, Glorious Feſtival.
Next the *Firſt Mover*,
'Tis *Love* and *Honour* Turn the Globe: 'Tis they,
That Rule Mankind, and Guide the Strokes of Fate.
And, Sir, thoſe Mighty Names have both been wrong'd by you:
And 'tis your Blood muſt make an Expiation.
Call to your Conſcious Soul, that 'tis *Philander*
Blocks up my Paſſage to *Lyſandra's* Heart,
And makes it Inacceſſible.
Phil. My Lord,
If it be that, that calls me to the Field,
Why ſhould we Fight for what Fealmly Yield?
She's yours, all yours; and to ſecure that Title,
Know, Jealous Lord, I bear her kindeſt Love
With no leſs Pain, than you her greateſt Hate.

Art.

Art. If there's no Magick in *Lysandra's* Name,
To Rowze thy sluggish Soul, call to Remembrance
Olizia's Wrongs, her Wrongs, and my Dishonour,
For tho I've shook that Trifle from my Heart,
As little as she moves my Soul; yet still
Her Fame thou'st Tainted, and my Honour suffers:
And nothing but your Death, can clear the Stain.

Phil. *Olizia's* Wrongs! And, Canst thou name that word?
Thou, whose degenerate, base, groundless Rage,
Could doubt her Virtues, blast her Sacred Fame?
Ye Gods! A Saint more Pure, a Soul more Spotless,
Did ne'r Adorn your World, or Grace your Heav'n.
But, Do I talk? That Name has rowz'd my Vengeance.

Art. And fair *Lysandra* mine, Have at thy Heart:
For whil'st
Thou Liv'st, I'm worse than Damn'd. That cruel Fair,
Whil'st thou draw'st Breath, will ne'r, will ne'r be Mine.

Phil. Now, angry Sir, we meet on Equal Terms:
For whil'st thou Liv'st, I'm Damn'd as well as Thou.
Could my *Olizia* love me to that Height,
That 'tis not Rocks or Mountains, Seas or Deserts,
Should hold her from my Arms; yet, whil'st thou Liv'st,
By *Honour's* Cruel Laws, she never must be Mine.
Then let our Swords cut through our Knotty Fates:
And to Encourage us for the Brave Deed,
Know, 'tis a Cause as great as *Alexander's*.
Beauty's our Universe; which, to subdue,
Our Glory's summ'd in this one Chance alone:
Who cuts the Gordian, makes the World his own. [*They Fight, and* Philander's *Second falls.*

Art. Now, for the World, How think you?

Phil. I come not here to Think, but Act.

Gob. Howe're, bold Sir, Does not this Odds look Ominous?

Phil. Prophetick Sir, if you would talk of Omens,
Pray make your Swords, your Oracles.

Art. Thou'rt Brave: And tho
With this Advantage I shall Blush to Kill thee,
I must not give thee Life.

Phil. Nor must I take it?
Come on.

Art. VVell, Sir, the Turning VVeight is mine;
And the next Hoist, I mount thee up to Heav'n. [*They Fight, and* Artaban's *Second falls.*

Phil. Hold your Scales right; for now the Weights are even.

Art. VVhat Turn of Fate is here? VVell, Sir, I see,
Fortune, in taking of my Odds away,
Designs me Honour in thy Nobler Fall.
There's something tells my Soul, Thy Date is short.

Phil. Shorten your Speech, and make it so. [*They Fight, and* Philander *Disarms* Artaban.

Art. Curst be my Arm.

Phil. And doubly Curst be mine.
Must I then save his Life, to blast my own?
The VVorld's too Narrow for us both.
Here take your Sword again; I give it freely:
But on Condition, that you'll use it again.
Forget that e're 'twas mine; and Nobly aim it,
VVith all your Heat, once more against this Heart.

Art. Hold, Sir! Thou art the Man, whose Death I'de buy,
Even at the Price of my Eternity.
Nay, I would give my Life and Heav'n, to Kill thee.
But forced by Honours dread Commanding Pow'r,
I must not lift a Hand against his Life.

Phil. Now I'm undone: Now, we're both truly Wretched.
'Tis to thy Life my tortur'd Soul must owe
More Pains, more Hells than wretched Man e're bore.

Art. Nor must my Soul less Torments feel than thine.
But since we ne'r can meet as Foes again,
Farewel thou Pestilential Comet;
Thou everlasting Bar to all my Hopes.

Phil. How dismally this Fatal Meeting ends?
We were kind Enemies, but mortal Friends. [*Exit.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Great Sir, Thus low I fall, t'implore your Pardon.

Art. Pardon! For what? How fares your Charge, the Fair *Lysandra*? Is she Safe? *Mess.*

Mess. Oh, my dread Lord!
Curst be that Tongue, that tells you she is lost:
I, like her sleeping Jaylor, thought her safe:
But by my false Security, I'm undone.
She through her Window, Sir, has made Escape;
And, I suppose, 'twas by *Olivia's* Aid.
For in the Princess Chariot she was hurried,
And Lodg'd within a Cloister.

Art. Fled t'a Cloister!
Lightning and Earthquakes! Ruin and Despair!
Immured in those Impenetrable Walls,
For ever Ravish't from the World, and Me.

Mess. And this, my Lord, is all she left behind her; [*Gives him a Letter.*
To tell you, That the Fatal Name of *Love*,
Is that harsh Sound she now shall hear no more.

Art. Not hear the Name! Not hear it! Yes, fair Murd'ress,
I'le thunder't in thy Ears, 'till I am Dead.
Nay, when thy Scorn has laid my Bones in Dust,
I'le burst my Marble Load, rattle the Chains
Of my Infernal Jaile, to tell thee, Tyrant,
That I was Damn'd by Thee! Yes, thou shalt hear
My murmuring Groans, thy murder'd Lover's Groans.
While'st all that Flowing Gold, those Beauteous Tresses,
On thy Proud Fore-head, fixt with Horrour, stand,
Erected like the strutting Porcupine:
And the Bright Fires, in those bewitching Eyes,
Wane, and burn Pale, at my approaching Ghost.

Mess. Not all the Groans and Agonies of Love,
I fear, will move her now. Nought but the Language
Of Death and Heav'n, will now be understood.
Those Cloister'd Saints are Deaf to Flesh and Blood.

Art. A Cloister! Curse on that Religious Cheat!
And, Must that shining Beauty lie Entomb'd,
Buried alive, and this to make a Saint?
Dull Priests, you Lie! To Saint that Beauteous Sex,
Teach 'em to Love, be Kind, Embrace, and Crown
Some happy Lovers Bed: Then live to see
Their warm Desires blest with a Numerous Race;

Born

Born to inrich the World, and to increase the Stars.
Do this, and then they will be Saints indeed.
This is the only way of Heav'ns Ordaining,
To Consecrate that Angel Creature, *women*.
This Blessing, Gods, did with your World begin;
How e're the other Pious Curse crept in. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philander.

Phil. Slaves at an Oar have greater Ease than I:
Harden'd to Labours, they their Pains defie.
Despair in Love, 's the only true great Misery.
We with fresh Agonies our Souls torment;
Remember the bright Tracks, where th'adored Beauty went.
And with fresh Pains, our endless Plagues deplore,
To think our Setting-Sun will Rise no more.

Enter Pyrgus.

Pyr. Oh, Sir! I've such a Story, as will scorch
Your boiling Veins into so hot a Fever,
Shall make your Heart-strings burst, and set a float
The burning Lake within 'em.
Phil. Oh, be quick!
Expound these mystick Horrours.
Pyr. Ah, Sir! the Prince, my Master,——
Phil. What of him?
Pyr. You know, he loves *Lysandra*; and but now
His Amorous Suit renew'd: He beg'd, sight, languish't;
But all in vain. His swelling Tears, his gasping Pangs,
And dying Groans, had all no Power to move her.
In short, Her haughty, merciless Disdain,
So stung his tortur'd Soul; till at the last,
Courting and Threatning, and as oft Repuls'd,
Her Scorn on Scorn, rais'd Rage on Rage; till all
His Reason, Sense, Religion, Conscience, Love,
Drown'd in the groaning Storm, he snatch't his Dagger,
And, at one Stroke, divorc'd her trembling Soul.
Phil. Horrour and Plagues! Gods, Does your Thunder sleep?

Pyr.

Pyr. This is not all.
No sooner was that Beauteous Martyr fal'n,
But the dire monstrous Deed, a Deed enough
To force a Blush into an *Ethiop*'s Face,
Touch't him so little, that grown flush't with Murder,
His Eyes erect tow'rds Heav'n, (but his black Thoughts
Were shap'd in Hell) these dismal Sounds he utter'd:
Philander! *Shalt thou have Peace, whilst I have none?*
No, Ravisher; Thou'rt Damn'd, as well as I.
Then to the fair *Olizia* Chamber rush't.

Phil. Olizia! Guard her, Gods!

Pyr. And in a most
Inhumane Butchery, drag'd her from her Bed.
And the same Steel, bath'd in her floating Gore,
He left her grovelling on the reeking Floor.

Phil. Olizia Dead! and I Alive to hear it!
Fly, whil'st thou'rt safe; thou'st utter'd such a Deed,
Whose Repetition is enough to Damn thee. [*Exit* Pyrgus.
Oh, Horrid, Bloody, Savage, Beast of Prey!
Think not to hide thy curled, impious Head;
No, Tyger; through all the World I'le hunt thee Dead.
Nay, tho thy Devils make thee walk Invisible,
Through all thy Infernal Guards, I'le find thee out,
'Tis not the Center of the Earth shall hide
Thee, from my Rage. Like a new *Hercules*,
I'le Dive to Hell, but I will reach this Traytour.

Enter Artaban.

Yonder he comes! Tryumphant Impudence!

Art. Ah, Sir!
The Fair *Panthea* is for ever lost.

Phil. Ravens and Scriech-Owls! The Insulting Monster
Owns th'Exacrable Deed. [*Aside.*

Art. And now, *Philander*,
Beset with all the Horrours of Despair,
Hither I come ——

Phil. Yes, Infidel, to Dye! [*Draws.*

Art. What do I see!

Phil.

Phil. Now, ye Great Pow'rs, you're Kind.
Thou Limb of Vengeance, and thou Brand of Hell,
Take thy Reward.

Art. Confusion! Hold, yet hold.
Why all this Fury?

Phil. Why this staggering Guilt!
Base Hell-Hound, Have thy Crimes made thee a Coward?

Art. Coward, and Crimes! Death! Why all this to me!

Phil. To Thee! To Thee! Ask thy black Soul, and let
Thy startled Conscience tremble at this Crime.

Art. Why all this Fury? Sir, Explain this Riddle.

Phil. Oh, harden'd Hypocrite!

Art. Sir, Do but hear me.

Phil. Yes, thy last Groans.

Art. Yet hold, let me but speak.

Phil. When thou art Damn'd, Talk on. *[Fights, and Kills* Artaban.

Art. As I am Dying, let me know, rash Murderer,
Why thou hast Kill'd the very Man that Lov'd thee?

Phil. Lov'd me! Can thy black Soul, thus doubly stain'd
With Fair *Olizia*, and *Panthea's* Blood,
Breath such a Word as Love?

Art. Oh, strange Impiety!
I lift a Hand against *Panthea's* Life!
What Poisonous Traitour has abus'd your Ears?

Phil. What do I hear?

Art. As you would give
Me Peace within the Grave, and Bliss in Heav'n,
Name me the Monster, that my Death may Blast him.

Phil. Has that false Devil, *Pyrgus* ——

Art. Did he tell you so!
What more than Hellish Rage, provok'd him to
This Blasphemy? By my last Hopes,
Olizia, and the Fair *Panthea* lives.

Phil. Oh, abhor'd Slave! Oh, most detested Villainy!
Has my mistaken, curst, infernal Fury,
Pull'd down such Ruins? ——

Art. Ah, Forbear this Grief!
My Life's not worth a Tear. The Cruel, Fair *Panthea*

Could

Could ne'r be Mine; And, What is Life without Her.
Thou weep'st to see me Bleed: Dry up thy Tears,
And let me Kiss that dear, kind Hand, that Kill'd me.
Since that Bright Form do's in a Cloister lie,
What has her hopeless Slave to do, but Die?
But, Sir,
Tho my Hard-fated Love could ne'r be Blest,
Be Thine more Prosperous; in my Death, I make
Thy Passage free to thy *Olizias* Arms:
I give Her Thee. 'Tis the last Legacy
Of thy expiring Friend.

Phil. Oh, wond'rous softing Virtue!

Art. But, Could the Fair *Lysandra* never Love me?
Could all my Sighs not light one Spark of Pity?
Beauty, thou Pageant of the Frantick World,
And Love (false Love) with all thy Cheats, Farewel.
When I am Dead, take me (ye Gods) and place me
Upon some Hollow Sounding Arch of Heav'n;
There lend me but a Voice as loud as Thunder,
And I'le Convert the doating World below me. [*Dies.*

Phil. What have I done? What Guilt, what Shame, what Horrors
Surround my staggering Soul? Ye Gods, he gave me
Olizia! This Bright Miracle of Honour,
With his last Breath, could bless his Murderer.
Thou most unhappy, injured Prince, farewel.
Who would believe, this bloody, barbarous Deed,
That Savages would blush at, was th'Effect
Of Love? Great *Love*, the brightest Spark of *Heav'n*,
Could blow into this Thunder! O, ye Gods!
What is your World? What's Life? What's Human Fate?
When if your Dooms our Ruines have Decreed,
The noblest Cause can Act the blackest Deed.

Enter Pyrgus.

Pyr. What do I see? 'Tis as my Soul could wish.
Dead by this Light! H'has done the Feat so sweetly.

Phil. Ha, Devil! Art thou here? Ye Gods, I ask no more!

Pyr. Why that odd Face? Prethee, rough Sir, look calmly.

Phil. Monster, hear me!
For, tho my aking Hand, and boyling Veins,
Hold back my Rage from thy accurst Heart,
With greater Pain than e're thy Mother bore thee;
Yet I would talk with thee, before thou'rt Damn'd!

Pyr. Well, angry Sir, and, What is't you would say?
Phil. Thou black Incendiary, What strange fury
Provoked thee to this Execrable Malice?
Pyr. Dull Sir, I'le tell you. Know, I loved *Panthea*:
And that infatuated Lord, my Rival,
Rose, like a Planet, to destroy my Hopes.
I knew, at last, Time, and his Courting Glories,
Would make a Passage to her frozen Heart.
And when she had Married him, my Villainies
Would be detected; and, at least, my Ruin,
If not my Throat, would make her an Atonement.
But know, my Soul's too Proud, to Live with Infamy:
To see my Slave my Princess, and to lose
That gay, proud, haughty Thing, I had Bought, and Paid for.
Thus, 'twixt Despair, and my defeated Lust,
I made thy senseless, foolish Love, my Property,
To cut my Safety through his Heart.
Phil. Damnation! Was there ever Dungeon, Jaile,
Or Gibbet, that could Match this harden'd Infidel?
But I do Talk, and let the Villain live! [*Offers at him.*
Pyr. Hold, Sir! [*Draws a Pistol.*
——Make not your self too large a Promise.
Stand off! I scorn the worst your Rage dares do.
Phil. What means this Baseness, Coward?
Pyr. Only, Sir,
If you're for such a Bloody Game as Death,
I am a Rook, and play not on the Square.
Phil. Slave! Do'st thou think to Fright me? At thy Soul.
Pyr. Are you so Brisk? — [*Shoots, and misses him.*
Curse on my erring Hand! [*Draws.*
Yet hold! Hear me one word.
Phil. Speak then, make haste:
Be quick, and short; for know, this Breath's your last.
Pyr. Tho that dull wand'ring Fire has mist thy Life,
I've still the Odds: Know, this invenomed Steel,
With the least Touch, gives Death. Retire, rash Man;
There's Poison in this Sword.
Phil. And greater in thy Veins.
Go, tell thy Canker'd, Venomous Bloated Soul,
Thee, and thy Arts of Hell, I'le thus Confound. [*Kills him.*
Pyr. Thou'st Kill'd me, and I fain would Curse thee for't!
But, Oh, my Breath grows Faint, my Eyes turn Giddy;

And

And, in a Mist, I'm lost! [Dies.

Phil. The Villain has drawn Blood. [His Arms bloody.

Enter Olizia, *and women.*

Oliz. Oh, my *Philander!*
I have those Contradictions in my Fate,
Those Bars betwixt my Joys, that nothing but
A Cloister, and a Grave, can Reconcile.
But, e're I take my Everlasting Leave
Both of the World, and Thee, I can't but come,
To breath my Last Farewel.

Phil. Life of my Life!
My Dearest, Sweetest Heav'n, thou art too kind.

Oliz. Oh, my *Philander!* Could I but believe,
Flatter my breaking Heart, *Philander* Loved me;
Then I in Peace could Die. *Phil.* Divinest Madam!
If all my Oaths in Life could not Convince thee,
As I am Dying, hear this one last Vow;
By all my Hopes above, I'm only Thine.

Oliz. Dying! What words are these?

Phil. Look there, t'explain 'em.
That Impious, Black, Infernal Traitour, *Pyrgus*,
With a long Mask of Complicated Perjuries,
Told me, His Savage Lord had Murthered Thee:
And by my violent, mistaken Rage,
In thy Revenge, that God-like Martyr fell.
That generous Prince, who with his Dying Breath,
Gave me *Olizia*, Perish't by this Hand.

Oliz. Was ever such a dismal Scene of Horrour?

Phil. And yet that dismal Scene,
Was the Effect of Love, impetuous Love.
What Flesh and Blood, fill'd with a Soul like Mine,
Could hear thy Death, and not run Mad as I did?
But my hard Fate, the Gods have doubly punish't.
By my just Hand, that curfed Villain dyed;
And I am Murder'd by his Poison'd Sword.

Oliz. Why was I Born, ye Gods, to see this Day?
Is there no Help, no Art, no Succouring Angels,
To save his Life?

Phil. VVere't in the Pow'r of Fate,
The precious Balm of thy kind Tears would do't.
But 'tis too late.

Oliz. VVas this the dismal VVeapon,

That has undone the World? Oh, fatal Steel! [Falls on the Sword.
Thou hast been cruel, but I'le make thee kind.

Phil. What have you done?

Oliz. Nothing, but only paid
The Debts of dying Love. Two cruel Fate
Divorced me from thy Arms, and Cancell'd all
Our Marriage-Joys; yet in the Grave, in that
Cold Bridal-Bed, I shall not be deny'd,
To lie a sleeping Virgin by thy Side.

Phil. Can then my Kind and generous Princess,
Leave all her Greatness, all her blooming Youth;
Let those dear Eyes, those sparkling Twins of Love,
And all that mighty Mass of Infinite Beauty,
Lie undistinguish'd in the Common Heap
Of mouldring Dust, ghastly as Death, and wither'd
As the naked, scraggy Roots of unborn Flow'rs;
And all for her unhappy, worthless Slave?

Oliz. Alas, Sir! What have I to do with Eyes,
Life, Youth, and Beauty? Are they not all Yours,
Created Yours, a Part of my dear Lord?
And, Should they dare Survive, when he is gone?
No, 'tis but Just, they in your Urn should lie:
When the Tree falls, the scatter'd Blossoms die.

Phil. Now, thou'rt too kind.

Oliz. Could I do less, to shew I loved *Philander?*
The meanest of my Sex can Live and Love;
Each common Spark inspires that Noble Heat.
To Die for Love, is only truly Great.
Nor is this all the Glory of my Death;
Ye Gods, I bring my Innocence to Heav'n.
Free from Loves grosser and impurer Charms,
I die a Virgin in a Husband's Arms! [*Dyes.*

Phil. She's dead! She's dead! Meet her, ye *Gods!* Oh, meet her!
Throw open all the shining Gates of Heav'n,
And Sally out thick as the Beams of Day,
To her Immortal Praise new tune your Sphears:
At her dear Feet your brightest Diadems lay.
Ye Gods, 'tis Beauties Coronation-Day!
But, Oh! in all her Heavenly Pomp she wants
Her Loyal Slave: I come, bright Saint, I come,
To fill the State of thy Celestial Train.
Thus may I Kneel, and Thus for ever Reign! [*Dyes*